DENTON JOURNAL.

1885. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1885

VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1885. NO. 36.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS
JUST OPENED AT
DUNNOCK'S STORE.

Mr. Dunnock respectfully invites the people of Denton and vicinity to call and inspect his stock of new goods, and at the same time consider well the extremely low prices at which they are sold. He has very carefully selected his stock of new goods, both as to quality and price, and has made every effort to give satisfaction to those favoring him with a call. He now has a full stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CLOTHING,
GROCERIES, CIGARS & TOBACCO, CANDIES, &C.

A full line of Gents' Neckwear, Shirts, &c., will be kept constantly on hand. Any patronage extended to Mr. Dunnock has been and will be greatly appreciated. Goods cheerfully delivered to any part of the town. ☞Country produce taken in trade at highest prices.

FULL STOCK. LOW PRICES.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,
LUMBER,
SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS,
BLINDS, etc.,
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

BLITHE SPRINGTIME

Has made its advent, and many are the needs of the farmer and his household occasioned thereby.

LADIES—You should not fail to see my stock of new Ginghams, Muslins and handsome Spring Prints, Hosiery, etc., just received. And

GENTLEMEN—Fashionable young men and dudes—can find just what they are looking for in my new stock of Neckwear. There is something to please every one's fancy.

BUILDERS—Who have building in contemplation will please call and get prices of Lumber. I am agent for the well-known firm of W. W. Tunis & Bro., and will supply every thing you need in the building line at bottom figures.

FARMERS—Can do no better anywhere than by using the well-known brands of fertilizers, 'Monarch" and "Union Soluble," for which I am agent. The analyses of these fertilizers are guaranteed.

THOMAS S. KINNAMON,
GOLDSBOROUGH, MD.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

SPORTSMEN, ATTENTION.

Gentlemen in want of a good Breech-Loading or Muzzle-Loading Gun, Rifle, Pistol, Shells, Cartridges, Ammuniton, wholesale and retail, or anything in the shooting line will do well to call and examine the large assortment just received by ALEX. McCOMAS, 22 S. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

GUNS MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRING DONE IN THE BEST MANNER. GOODS SHIPPED C. O. D. AND GUARANTEED.

Williams, Clark & Co.,
NEW YORK CITY,
Manufacturers of High Grade Bone Fertilizers.
PHOSPHATES FOR ALL CROPS
Manufactured at prices to suit.

CHAS. F. SMITH, RIDGELY, MD.,
Agent for the First, Second and Sixth Districts of Caroline county, handles the goods of this well-known firm. Stock always on hand at Ridgely. Analyses guaranteed.
apr11 6m

Maryl'd Steamboat Co

1885 SPRING SCHEDULE. 1885

Choptank River Route.

DAILY EVENING LINE
—BETWEEN—
BALTIMORE & EASTON, OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE, &C.
COMMENCING WITH
TUESDAY, APRIL 21st, 1885,
WEATHER PERMITTING,

The splendid iron steamers IDA and ENOCH PRATT will leave Balto. from Pier 4 Light St., at 9 p. m., as follows: For Easton, Double Mills, Oxford, Clora's Pt., Cambridge, Jamaica Pt. and Medford's, daily except Sunday; for Johnston's and Travers', every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; for Secretary every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday; for Dover Bridge, Towers', Potter's and Denton every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Returning, for Baltimore leaves daily (except Saturday) Medford's at 1 p. m., Jamaica Point, Cambridge (5 p. m.) Clora's Point, Oxford, Double Mills, and leaves Easton at 9 p. m.; leaves Denton every Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 o'clock, noon, stopping at Potter's, Towers', Dover Bridge and landings named; leaves Secretary at 3 p. m. every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday; stops at Travers' and Johnston's every Monday, Wednesday and Friday; arrive in Baltimore at 4 o'clock the following mornings.

Freight taken at very low rates and carefully handled.

HOWARD B. ENSIGN, Pres't.
Office, 98 Light St., Baltimore.
M. Finn, Agent at Denton.

1885. 1885.
CHOPTANK STEAMBOAT CO.

The People's Line.

Representing the best interests of the people of the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Opposed to any one line having a monopoly of the Choptank River Route.

SCHEDULE:

The steamers of this company will leave Baltimore daily (Sunday excepted) at 9 p. m. from Pier 18 Light Street for Easton, Ferry Wharf, Oxford, Trappe, (Kirby's) Cambridge, Chancellor's Point, East New Market, Wright's Wharf and Preston.

Returning from Baltimore

Will leave Choptank Wharf, near Preston, daily at 1 p. m. (Saturday excepted), East New Market at 3 p. m., Cambridge at 5 p. m., Trappe (Kirby's) at 5.15 p. m., Easton at 9 p. m., and Oxford at 10.30 p. m.

☞Fast time and close connections for passengers from Denton, Hillsborough, Greensborough, and all stations on line Delaware & Chesapeake Railway.

By the present schedule of the D. & C. Railway, passengers can take late train at night and connect with steamers of the Choptank Steamboat Company for Baltimore at Oxford, and get home early in the morning on return trip by first train, saving thereby both time and expense.

E. S. JOHNSON, President.
apr25 tf

Chester River Steamboat Company.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Until further notice the new iron Steamer

EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock, a. m., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown, and Kent Island.

Returning, will leave Pier 7, Light St. Wharf, at 10 a. m., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for the above landings.

☞Steamer will leave Queenstown for Baltimore at 10 a. m.

The Steamer

Corsica

Will leave Crumpton every Tuesday and Thursday at 3 p. m. and on Saturday at 12 m. for Baltimore, stopping at Spry's, Deep Landing, Round Top, Chestertown, Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck and Centreville via Corsica Creek.

☞Will leave Centreville, (Larrimore's wharf), at 7 o'clock p. m. on Tuesday and at 5 o'clock p. m. on Saturday.

Returning, will leave Baltimore at 11 p. m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, making the above landings.

GEO. WARFIELD, President.

Wheeler's Transportation Line.
CHOPTANK RIVER ROUTE.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
After MONDAY, DEC. 22ND, 1884, the

permanent. ☞Write for terms. GLEN BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y. [2 21 3m

JOSHUA W. BRYANT. URIE TOWNSEND.
BRYANT & TOWNSEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
DENTON, MD.
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PHILIP W. DOWNES. M. S. MUTCHLER
DOWNES & MUTCHLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

W. A. STEWART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MARYLAND.
Money to loan in large or small sums at 6 per cent. on good farms or town property. Claims collected, titles examined, conveyancing, &c. [may2 85

GEORGE M. RUSSUM. HENRY R. LEWIS.
RUSSUM & LEWIS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne counties.
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HENRY IRWIN & SON,
AUCTIONEERS,
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EUROPEAN HOTEL,
VAN AUSDALL & DOWDEN, PROP'S
(SUCCESSORS TO T. B. MERRITT)
COR. FRENCH AND FRONT STS.,
(Near Railroad Depot)
Wilmington, Delaware.
RATES $2 PER DAY.
First-class in all its appointments.
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BRICK HOTEL,
DENTON, MD.
JOHN H. VAN GESEL,
Proprietor.

A COMPLETE LIVERY STABLE IS attached to the Hotel. Single or double teams furnished on very reasonable terms when desired.
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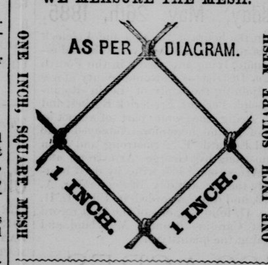
J. S. JOHNSON & CO.,
61 South St., Baltimore, Md.,

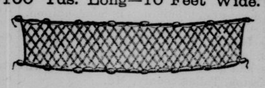
MANUFACTURERS OF
TWINES AND NETTING,
IMPORTERS AND
Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in Gilling Thread, Fishing Tackle, Wooden Ware, Brooms, Brushes, Baskets, &c.
☞Nets and Seines of all descriptions made to order.

NETTING FOR SEINES and POUNDS
WE MEASURE THE MESH.



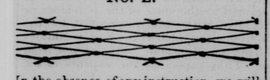
Parties ordering Netting or Seines will give length and depth required when on lines. We allow one-third for rigging, that is if the Seine is to be 100 yards long and 10 feet deep when on lines, as per diagram No. 1.

100 Yds. Long—10 Feet Wide.



We would make the webbing 150 yards long, 15 feet deep when stretched the same as a rope, that is the mesh stretched as per diagram

No. 2.



In the absence of any instruction, we will ke as above. In ordering give full de- ption of what you want; leave nothing e guessed at.

Parties unknown to us ordering goods, l be required to remit us one-third the ue before we ship them, the balance to paid on delivery.

☞Send for Price List.

ALTIMORE TWINE AND NET CO
Wm. J. Hooper & Son,
No. 6 S. CALVERT ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Mention this paper. [nov8 '84 1y

FOR SALE.
A house and six acres of land; terms reasonable. Inquire at THIS OFFICE.

A CONFEDERATE SCOUT.

Hazardous Adventure Into Camp to Seek Information.

A Confederate scout relates the following: The Federal army was encamped at Culpepper Court House, the Confederate army being stretched out in Orange county. General Lee desired certain information which it seemed could only be obtained by an individual scout, and Stringfellow was selected for the service. It was necessary that he should penetrate the enemy's camp, remain concealed as long as possible, and return when he had collected the desired information. His operations were to be conducted mostly at night. He wished to be accompanied by two men, one of whom, Farrish by name, had his home in the immediate vicinity of the enemy's camp, and being intimately acquainted with all the country, could accurately guide him from place to place in the night as well as by daylight.

The expedition was undertaken on foot, as the distance was not great, and concealment was of prime importance. The men were clad in their own uniform as scouts, not spies. The country was a difficult one for the operation of a scout. From the long and frequent occupation by both the contending armies, the land had been almost entirely denuded of its timber, and only here and there a few thin clusters of trees remained standing. One day had passed since they had entered the enemy's line, and with nightfall they commenced their wanderings among the hostile camps, mainly with locating the different corps, and of ascertaining whether any troops had been detached from the Army of the Potomac. The night had been nearly consumed in this way, when reaching one of the clusters of trees, of which I have spoken, they laid themselves down to catch a few moments repose.

A single blanket covered the three men. Treacherous, fatal sleep! Their fatigue was greater and the night was further spent than they had supposed and the sun was shining bright in their eyes, when a party of six Federal soldiers, with their muskets in their hands, pulled away the blanket which covered them, and saluted them with a humorous "Good morning, Johnny Reb; wake up!" Stringfellow, lying upon his back, was the first to arouse and to comprehend the situation. Knowing that an open attempt to seize his arms would draw upon himself instant death, he feigned to be only half awakened, and much to the amusement of his tormentors, turned upon his side, muttering and grumbling at being awakened, telling them to go away and let him alone. But by turning on his side he gave himself an opportunity of placing his hand unobserved upon the handle of his pistol, and in another second he sprang upon his feet and opened fire. His companions joined in the attack, and for a few moments the firing was rapid and fatal. The Federal soldiers stood their ground, but at such close quarters the musket was no match for the revolver. There was no time to reload under the quick eye of Stringfellow, and once discharged the muskets were useless. A few seconds terminated the encounter, in which Stringfellow found himself the sole survivor of his party. Farrish was killed; his other comrade had disappeared, he knew not how; four of the Federal soldiers lay dead at his feet, and two others, having thrown down their empty guns, were running for their lives. But though victor in this fight, perils multiplied themselves around him. The trees among which he stood were surrounded on every side with the enemy's tents, some at a distance, some close at hand.

Concealment was impossible, and he must run for his life; but run in what direction he might, enemies would be sure to intercept his course, for the adjacent camp had been aroused by the firing, and the soldiers who had escaped would be sure to return with the others to avenge the death of their comrades. At a distance of a few hundred yards a little branch made its way through the open fields toward the river. Its banks were fringed with bushes, and while it offered only an utterly forlorn hope, Stringfellow turned toward it and ran. He was seen by those who had already started for his capture; seen to cross the open field; seen to enter the brush on the banks of the stream.

And now vindictive shouts announced that the enemy felt sure of their prey. But not so. Entering the bed of the stream, a kind Providence guided him to a spot where where the waters had hollowed out for him a hiding-place, behind the roots of an old stump. Underneath the bank and behind those roots he forced his body, having hastily collected what driftwood was within reach still further to conceal his person; and there he lay, half covered by the mud and water, and awaited the result. From every direction men were hurrying to the spot, with the perfect assurance that the daring enemy would soon be within their power. For long, long hours did scores of searchers continue to examine every foot of that brush that lined the stream. Many times did hostile feet pass directly over Stringfellow's body, and one man, more inquisitive than the others, stopped, while walking in the bed of the stream, to examine the very spot where he lay. But the driftwood which he had so skilfully arranged for his concealment deceived the man, and passed off without making the discovery. Toward afternoon the search slackened, and by nightfall it was abandoned. But not till the noise of the camp was hushed in slumber did Stringfellow dare to leave his retreat. Then following for some time the course of the little stream, he passed on out of the enemy's line, swam the Rapidan between the pickets, and thankful to God for his deliverance, found himself once more among his friends.

The Thunder Spirit.

Herno, the great Thunder Spirit, according to a tradition of the Seneca Indians, had his lodge behind the sheet of water which pours down at the Falls of Niagara. For a very long time he had dwelt there, astonishing the Indians with his stunning peals.

A young and beautiful maiden, residing at the Seneca village, just above the Falls, had been contracted in marriage, by her father, to an old man of disagreeable manners and hideous person. She at once resolved to seek death rather than drag out the life of misery which such a union must bring about; and, with this object in view, she launched forth from the village in a bark canoe, and swept down the rapids of Niagara, singing her own death song, until she took the awful leap.

But death was not yet ready for her. Herno, the Thunder Spirit, happened to be wide awake; and, when he saw her coming down among the foaming waters, he coolly caught her in his blanket, and conveyed her to his home behind the Falls.

Of course the maiden had romance enough about her to be grateful for all this, more especially when she found she was entirely beyond the reach of the monster her "cruel parient" had selected to accompany her through life. She fell upon the neck of the Thunderer and wept sweet tears. The tears softened his stern heart, and led him to smooth back, if not to toy with, her golden tresses. In short, to hurry through a long story, they got to billing and cooing—they fell in love—they made the interesting affair known to each other, and the wronged, though beautiful, maiden became the wife of Herno, the Thunder Spirit; and, as a matter of course, she was very happy.

About this time the Senecas of the village above the Falls were visited with a pestilence which swept them off by hundreds; and while some prayed to the Great Spirit for help, others gathered around the cataract, and sent in their petitions to Herno. The tale of their sufferings moved the Thunderer, and he sent the maiden forth to tell her people that a monstrous serpent was dwelling beneath their village, just below the surface of the ground; that it was depending upon their dead bodies for food, and that it came forth at the end of every moon and poisoned the waters, in order that they might die and be buried within its reach.

As soon as the Indians learned this they pulled up and moved to another locality; consequently, when the great serpent poisoned the waters as usual, the earth brought him no food. This was an affair so strange that he came forth to see what it meant, when, to his surprise, he discovered that the village was deserted.

With many curses on the head of the Thunderer, as the author of his misfortune, the serpent took the trail of the retreating Indians, and started away in hot pursuit.

The maiden still loved her people; and when she saw the serpent moving on to effect their further destruction, she appealed to her husband to arrest him. Herno was not deaf to her entreaties; and so he stepped forth from his hiding-place, and launched a hissing bolt after the reptile, which struck him just as he was endeavoring to cross the narrows some distance above the Falls.

The wound produced was a fatal one, and the great monster floated down the stream and lodged upon the verge of the cataract, stretching nearly from shore to shore. The swift waters were dammed up by the obstruction; but they finally broke through the rocks behind, and thus the whole top of the Falls upon which the snake rested was precipitated with it into the abyss below, excepting a small portion, which is now known as Goat Island.

It almost entirely ruined the home of the Thunderer, for it reduced the space behind the waters to a very narrow compass. He still occupied it as a sleeping apartment, however, and you may now hear him snoring under there, if you stand on the shore; but if he would exercise himself in his favorite pastime of throwing thunderbolts, he is forced to come forth into space less limited.

She Attracted Attention.

A pretty young woman, with fair, banged hair, attracted considerable attention in lower Broadway, New York, recently. She wore a silk dress, which changed to a different color every way it was looked at. Her hat was bell-shaped, and was profusely trimmed with bunches of flowers, on which rested several butterflies and beetles. A large bronzed owl, with diamond eyes, fastened a bow at her throat. Stitched on her blue silk parasol was an enormous peacock feather, and a handkerchief, carried in a tiny belt, was embroidered with birds and animals.

A game of "parlor base ball" has been invented. We presume the player who is so unfortunate as to break a mirror is out—that is, whatever the mirror cost.

Mrs. Tilton at Home.

Once in awhile the question is heard, "What has become of Mrs. Tilton?" The little woman, who a few years ago was the most widely-known American woman in the world, lives with her aged mother, Mrs. Morse, on Pacific street, in Brooklyn, in comfort and quiet. Ever since the remarkable scandal trial she has lived in the same way. At no time has she inhabited a garret, taken in sewing for a living or lived in any of the poor ways rumor frequently declared she did. Mrs. Morse, her mother, is the wife of the veteran Judge Morse, one of the first presidents of the Union Ferry Company and now a retired and honored member of the same wealthy corporation.

The home of Mrs. Tilton with her mother is one of taste, refinement and elegance. Many of the picture that were made famous by the oft-repeated yarns of how Theodore, in his night shirt, used to go around the house rehanging them at all hours of the night, are to be seen on the walls of her present brown-stone home. In the boys's bed-room is a life-sized photograph of their father, taken when a very young man, with his arms folded, his head dropped upon his breast, his eyes closed and his poetical locks curling on his neck. The attitude and the facial expression say: "Look at me and do aught but admire me if you can." Rare books and various art works embellish and beautify the home. Mrs. Tilton is still the same quiet, pious little woman she always was, only a shade or two sadder and much older. She has a rare faculty of trying to be always cheerful and believes fully in the efficacy of prayer and that what "God wills He will," and His creatures must follow his law to be saved hereafter. Her hair is snow white, her figure a little more robust and rounded, although still childish in stature and form.

Mr. Tilton has never stepped across that threshold since the trial. Certainly not Mr. Beecher. It would not be well for either one to make the attempt. The two sons, Carroll and Ralph, are young men now, both occupying good clerkships, and live with their mother. Carroll, the elder, is a Tilton in look and nature. Ralph is a mother's boy, a fine, promising young character. The two daughters are both married and both mothers. Alice, the younger, lives in Chicago, and Mrs. Tilton visited her not long since. That Mrs. Tilton was "forsaken by her friends," as the newspapers would have it four or five years ago, is not true either. The fact is, there is more intellectual company entertained in Mrs. Tilton's home in the course of a year than that of a dozen families—"best families"—all told. Nothing would be pleasanter to Mrs. Tilton than to know that the outside world had forgotten her. To a certain extent it has, but still she has a large circle of friends.—N. Y. Letter in Nashville Union.

Webster's Carelessness of Money.

On another occasion Mr. Webster had invited some friends to dinner. As he left home in the morning he requested his wife to send John down to the office about 10 o'clock to go to market with him. John came down down accordingly. Mr. Webster was busy writing. He asked John if he had any money. John replied in the negative. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "go down to Mr. Burritt and ask him to lend me $5." (Burritt was a stationer in the lower story.) John came back and stated that Mr. Burritt had not $5, but sent him $10, which Webster took and put in his waistcoat pocket. Pretty soon a poor woman came in on an alms-asking errand. Said Webster, still writing. "I know all about it; you've lost your husband and have five small children and nothing to eat. Take this!" and he gave her the ten-dollar note which John had borrowed from Mr. Burritt.

By and by he finished his work and remarked to his servant: "Now, John, we'll go to market." Down they went through Court and Washington streets and Dock Square to the Quincy Market, before Faneuil Hall. Mr. Webster bought of the butchers at the south end of the market what suited him, but made no payments, as he had accounts with them. At last they reached a vegetable dealer, of whom Webster also made a purchase and was about to pass on as before when the faithful John arrested him with the remark: "Mr. Webster, this man is a stranger to us; we never had dealings with him." "True," said the great lawyer, "very true;" and put his hand in his pocket for the money to pay the amount. Finding none, he said to his servant; "John, I thought you gave me some money just now?" "So I did, sir," said John, "but you gave it to that poor woman who came into the office." "Ah!" said Webster, "so I did, but I had forgotten all about it. Well, John, you must borrow some more money and come down and pay these people; and now we will go home."—Boston Budget.

An International Episode.

A German went into a restaurant, and as he took his seat an Irish waiter came up and bowed politely.

"Wie gehts," said the German, also bowing politely.

"Wheat cakes!" shouted the waiter, mistaking the salutation for an order.

"Nein, nein!" said the German.

"Nine?" said the waiter. "You'll be lucky if you get three."—New York Sun.

The Virtues of Bathing.

The Esquimaux and Lapps, it is said by travellers, never bathe their bodies. There is consequently an eloquence in their very presence that can be felt most sensibly, particularly in a close room. This peculiarity, however, is not confined to those two representatives of the human race, by any means, nor to the climates in which they live. It may be laid down as an established principle that people who cultivate cleanliness of body are civilized people; and we are not sure but that in the exact ratio in which such bodily cleanliness prevails their progress in civilization may be reckoned. The habit of taking care of one's own body is something that every individual who is entrusted with one ought to cultivate, if he would have a sound mind, a comfortable feeling of self-respect, and enjoy the health that belongs to him by birth-right. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and is essential to the highest development of godliness as well as civilization. These truths are so generally recognized that every well-posted and progressive man who builds a house in this age of the world devotes a portion of it to bathing purposes. Those who are obliged to live in rented houses without bath tubs, or if they cannot afford those they have at least the old-fashioned, orthodox wash-tub, which can be made to answer the purpose and is made to do so in thousands of instances. Science and invention, however, those two restless spirits of modern times, have stepped in to the relief of those who have been obliged to depend upon such inconvenient and inadequate means for securing personal cleanliness, and a rubber bath tub, light, portable and capable of being used for vapor, site, foot or almost any other kind of bath, has been in use for many years in families where even commodious rooms for bathing purposes already existed. A rubber bath tub can be placed at the bedside of an invalid, and will often save a doctor's bill. There are many common diseases that hot water will cure.

FACETIE.

To make a horse fast—don't feed him.

Rapid transit—evolutions at the skating rink.

The place for people who are unable to feed themselves—the Fejee island.

What does a dentist do with old teeth? Throws them in a gnash barrel, of course.

Adam was the only man who could get off a joke without some galoot saying he had heard it before.

An Iowa dog has killed 287 skunks this season. He will be exhibited at the next scentennial show.

It is hard to tell which will make the most noise—a band with a dozen horns or a man with a dozen horns.

A poet says: "Woman is the Sunday of man." He probably had Eve in his mind, as she was the beginning of the weak.

There is a man in Bermondsey who is so lazy that he has worked but once, and that was when he was laboring under a mistake.

A New Jersey editor says: If the young man who left the poem, "I Want to be at Rest," on our desk, will call in, we will see that he is accommodated.

A Southbridge teacher received the following excuse recently: "Tomie stade home cos he had no close and thats excuz enuff god nose."

Fingers and Thumbs.

Beware of the person whose fingers turn backward. He is unjust, subtle, ingenious, and the neater his fingers seem to be the more mischievous is he, and the greater enemy to virtue.

Fingers which cling to each other denote a changeable character.

Fingers that stand apart from each other, poverty, wretchedness, and much talk about self.

Long and large fingers betoken liberality, true friendship, good condition. Abraham Lincoln had these.

Fingers too short, with thick ends and fat, will be dishonest and sly.

Nerveless fingers denote a want of character; trembling, twitching fingers, a drunkard.

Small, taper fingers, on a woman, show indecision of character and deceit. If the nails are oblique, want of courage.

A large, well-made hand inclines to a generous, unselfish disposition.

Little, round nails mean obstinacy and anger and violent love.

Long, pure-white nails, especially on a woman's hand, are an indication of a deceitful nature, with great strength and cruel, crafty love.

Red nails signify cruelty and desperate love. Spots on the edge of nails, violent death.

Don't Be in a Hurry.

Hang not up your heavy ulster,
Nor your thick apparel shed,
Though the air be soft and balmy
And the skies bright overhead;

You should stick to winter garments
Till those garments stick to you,
For a cold, cold wave is coming
That will chill you thro' and thro'.
—N. Y. Morning Journal.

A Newport girl who has been married two weeks wants to go back to her mother. She says before she was married she never had to wash a dish and could go to the skating rink three times a day.

Dr. Mary Walker is writing a play. It is in two acts, the same as her dress.

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